

Post apocalyptic

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Summary: Hiccup is a sky rider in the human resistance against the machines. What happens when he meets an absolutely beautiful woman under fire?

Post apocalyptic

****Ruins of Denver, Colorado. 2020****

****Lieutenant Henry "Hiccup" Haddock****

I slowly trudge on through the city. I don't even bother sneaking around. What would be the point? I'd just wear myself out. Besides, what would they even do here? So I simply walk down the center of the street, admiring the carnage that the bombings, and 16 years of war, have left behind in this once proud city.

To be honest, I've never seen this city in its prime, but the older officers often talk to me about it. They speak of many beautiful sights and a great Football team. Apparently, Football was a big thing in the olden days. Me, I'm only 15. I'm a child of war. It's all I've ever known.

I hear a small gurgle behind me and turn to see Toothless looking up at me, worry evident in his eyes. He always knew when I needed cheering up. I give him a quick pet on the nose.

"It's ok Toothless. If we don't find any survivors in the next hour or so, we'll call it a day and fly back to base."

The dragon gives an affirmative purr and continues to follow behind me.

Almost an hour goes by and we don't see anyone among the piles of rubble. There is an eerie silence in the city. I finally decide to give up.

"Nothing's alive here Toothless, let's head back to base."

Just as I mount Toothless, a sharp noise cuts through the silence. I duck my head on instinct. However, I soon realize that the gunshot was not directed at me. I suddenly hear a long burst of powerful gunshots.

"That was close by! Let's go Toothless!" I urge. We rush to the source of the noise and what we see, troubles us.

A blonde girl, looking around my age, with an assault rifle in her hands is hiding behind a burnt out car. While down the street, a T-800 lays down suppressing fire with its minigun. A voice crackles over my radio.

"Hello? Can anyone read me! My entire unit is down. I'm the last one. I need immediate assistance. Anyone?!"

I don't even hesitate. I pull Toothless into a steep dive. My eyes turn to slits as I focus on my target. Closer...closer...closer...

"Now!" I scream. Half a second later, the T-800 is replaced with a huge fireball. I sigh in relief as we pull up out of the dive and land in front of the girl.

"Thanks for the assist." she thanks me. Now that I can get a good look at her, she's incredibly hot. "Why do they always have to be gorgeous?" I think to myself as she walks up to me. I can also see her red band on her left arm, a symbol of the resistance.

"uh...yea, no problem...anytime, you know." I return. Dammit! Why do I always lose my voice?

"Can you give me a ride back to Nellis?" she asks. I motion to my dragon's back and she gets on.

As we fly back to the safety of HQ, I realize something.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Lieutenant Astrid Hofferson." she replies proudly. My jaw drops. The Hofferson's? Alvar Hofferson, who I assume is her father, is one of the resistance leaders at command. He is rumored to have ripped off a T-800's head with his bare hands.

"Lieutenant Henry Haddock. But you can call me by my call sign, Hiccup, everyone else does."

"Ok lieutenant Hiccup. How long have you fought for the resistance?" she asks.

And so begins our eventful conversation on the way home, leaving the smoking ruins of Denver and the rough outline of Hunter Killers behind us.

I merely intended this to be a one-shot. But if you guys liked it and I get enough reviews, I'll make it a series.

End

file.